

DELL
COMIC

NOV.—1941

10¢

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



the **ARCTIC ICE**



Icebergs, great masses of ice, are one of the most beautiful things to be seen in all the Arctic. They sometimes tower hundreds of feet in the air and may be a mile thick. You can readily understand why Eskimos give an iceberg a wide berth when they meet one floating on the sea.

Icebergs are really great blocks of ice that break away from glaciers—moving rivers of ice—and fall into the sea when the glacier reaches the coast. The ice is formed from fresh water and not from salt ocean water. As the iceberg floats along, the sea water below the surface melts it faster than the cold air above. As a result, the berg soon becomes top-heavy. Suddenly, it turns over with a thundering splash of spray. For a while, it is safe to approach the berg, but in a few days or weeks, depending on the temperature of the sea, it is again ready to turn in dangerous somersault.

An ice floe, on the other hand, is frozen from salt water. The surface of the sea actually freezes when the temperature goes low enough. There is no land underneath the North Pole—the surface is composed entirely of permanently frozen sea water. When the "field" breaks up on the southern rim of the polar ice cap because of a lowering tide or rising temperature, large individual floes go sailing off by themselves. It's comparatively safe to ride a floe because they do not turn over suddenly as a berg does. Polar bears seemingly love to take long trips on their own boats—traveling ice floes.

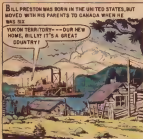


Eskimos must travel in order to keep alive. They are incessantly pursuing herds of caribou or looking for new hunting grounds. One of the greatest obstacles is an ice pack. In such a pack, many floes have been ground together by a high wind or moving current until they are smacked in many irregularly shaped blocks. If the temperature goes down, they freeze together and make a terrible obstacle. Crossing such a pack with a sled and dogs is almost impossible.



Sergeant PRESTON

MANY PEOPLE HAVE ASKED: "WHERE WAS SERGEANT PRESTON BORN?" --- "WHERE DID HE GO TO SCHOOL?" --- "WHY DID HE BECOME A MOUNTIE?" HERE ARE THE ANSWERS --- TOLD IN "THE CASE THAT MADE PRESTON A SERGEANT"



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



AND THEN, ONE DAY — — —



I SHOULD LIKE TO GO AFTER THE MAN WHO IS KNOWN TO HAVE MURDERED MY FATHER — — — SPIKE WILSON?



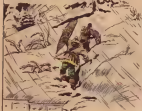








IT SNOWED ALL THAT NIGHT---AND IN THE MORNING
SNOW STILL FELL ON BOWED TREE BRANCHES AND
THE BOWED BACKS OF TWO DISHEARTENED CROOKS.



AND BY WEDMORNING---THOUGH THE SNOWFALL HAD
STOPPED---

WOSSE, I'M TUCKERED OUT!
GOT TO REST AWHILE!

ME, TOO---SAY
LEFTY! HERE
COMES A MAN AND
A DOG TEAM LOOKS
LIKE A MOUNTIE!



HELLO, THERE! HAVE YOU TWO LOST
YOUR DOGS?

SORRY WE'VE
GOT A CAMP
NEARBY.



I'M CONSTABLE
PRESTON! I'D
LIKE TO ASK
YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS.

ABOUT WHAT?

WHY? CHAM
THAT DOG OF
YOURS? HE'S
STEARLING AT
ME!



KING NEVER ATTACKS WITHOUT
GOOD REASON! BUT IF YOU'D
FEEL BETTER, I'LL CHAM
HIM TO THE SLED!

YEAH! CHAM
HIM UP! THEN
WE CAN TALK...



ALL RIGHT---THAT'S DONE! NOW, TELL ME HAVE YOU
SEEN A BIG MAN WITH A LOUD, TOUGH MANNER---

UP WITH
YOUR HANDS,
MOUNTIE!
QUICK---







--- AND DON'T THINK YOU WILL SAW ANYTHING BY
DROPPING THAT KEY IN THE SNOW! KING WOULD FIND
IT!--- AFTER HE'S TAUGHT YOU A LESSON!



THAT WILL LEAVE YOU EACH A HAND TO EAT WITH! I'LL
REBUILD YOUR FIRE AND HEAT US SOME GRUB! YOU'LL
NEED STRENGTH TO BREAK TRAIL!



OUT MY DOGS
EAT FIRST!



WITH NO WATCHING, TO PREVENT FIRES, PRESTON
SERVED OUT FROZEN FISH

WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING
US, MOUNTIE?

OVER YOUR BACK TRAIL! TO MEET
SPIKE WILSON! ONLY THERE'LL
BE A SLIGHT
CHANGE IN YOUR
PLANS.



YOU'LL BE THE CAPTIVES, AND I'LL CALL THE TURNS,
ON THIS TRIP! OF COURSE, YOU CAN COOPERATE
WILLINGLY, OR NOT



--- BUT GOOD BEHAVIOR MIGHT KEEP YOU FROM
HANGING! YOU'RE BOTH GUILTY OF AIDING A
MURDERER, YOU KNOW!

I---UH--- WE'LL DO
WHATEVER YOU
ASK, PRESTON!







AS QUICK AS A BEAR, SPIKE WILSON STRUCK! PRESTON COULD HAVE SHOT HIM--BUT THAT IS NOT THE MOUNTAIN WAY.





Sergeant PRESTON

and
THE FUGITIVE

WE'LL KEEP ALERT FOR
MAN-SIG, KING! IT'S
NOT LIKELY THAT JEFF
DALE IS HIDING NEAR
HERE, BUT...







LATER---AS CONSTABLE MOONEY'S HOUSEKEEPER SERVES SUPPER

JEFF DALE'S SAFE IN MY LOCKUP! YOU KNOW SERGEANT, THAT'S A BIG RELIEF--

MOONEY, I'D LIKE YOU TO START AT THE BEGINNING AND TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY OF THE BANK ROBBERY AND FIRE!



I SUPPOSE YOU'VE QUESTIONED JEFF ALREADY WELL, HERE ARE THE FACTS, AS I KNOW THEM--



AS MOONEY'S REPORT ENDS

WELL, THAT'S IT, SERGEANT! AS SOON AS WE SAW THE BANK BUILDING COULDN'T BE SAVED, I WENT LOOKING FOR JEFF DALE AND ---

LET'S CHECK BACK, MOONEY!



YOU SAY YOU HEARD JOHN DESMOND CALLING FOR HELP, INSIDE THE BURNING BUILDING ---

AND RESCUED HIM? HAD HE BEEN BOUND?

NO---THE ROBBER HAD JUST KNOCKED HIM OUT WITH HIS PISTOL. DESMOND CAME TO FIND THE FLAMES ABOUT HIM--



YOU SAID THE ROBBER HAD BATTERED WASTE PAPER INTO A PILE AND STARTED THE FIRE WITH IT? WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

WHY--- MISTER DESMOND? HE SAW JEFF DO IT ---SO HE SAID!



---SAW HIM AFTER HE'D BEEN KNOCKED OUT? DESMOND THEN HAD JEFF REAPED UP THE WASTE PAPER --- ANTI-CIPATIME THAT DESMOND WOULD CATCH HIM THERE, AND THAT HE'D HAVE TO BURN HIM?

GREAT SCOTT! OF COURSE, THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I ---











THROUGH HIS CLENCHED TEETH, PRESTON REPLIES

PRESTON STRUGGLES TO GAIN TIME----ENCOURAGED BY A FAMILIAR BARK OUTSIDE THE HOUSE



SHAKEN BY SUDDEN FEAR OF THE CHARMING HUNKY, DESMOND FIRES----AND MISSES!



THOUGH BOUND TO HIS CHAIR, PRESTON MANAGED TO UPSET HIMSELF INTO CARTER



AS CARTER LIFTS HIS GUN TO FIRE AGAIN----





Sergeant PRESTON

THE GIFT OF PANAMINT

THERE, MATT, IS YOUR CHANCE TO SHIP YOUR GOLD OUT SAFELY!

ON THE DAWSON WATERFRONT, SERGEANT PRESTON, AND MATT BOWDON, MANAGER OF THE MINING SYNDICATE, WATCH THE FREIGHTER, *HELLIE-D* ARRIVE.

YOU REALLY THINK IT'S NECESSARY, SERGEANT? I'D PLANNED TO SHIP ON THE *FRISCO BELLE*.

THAT'S RIGHT, MATT! THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY DARING GOLD ROBBERIES IN THIS PART OF THE YUKON.

YOU HAVE OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD AT THE MINE, MATT! AND THE LONGER IT'S THERE, THE GREATER CHANCE THERE IS

THOUGH PRESTON KEEPS HIS VOICE LOW, A PAIR OF SHARP EARS CATCH THE GIST OF HIS WORDS, IN PASSING.

THE "*HELLIE-D*" WILL PASS YOUR COMPANY WHARF AT "JACK KNIFE" TOMORROW. I CAN VOUCH FOR CAPTAIN BOWDON'S HONESTY, AND HE HAS A STEEL, STRONG ROOM.

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT! I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE!

MEANWHILE, ON THE FREIGHTER'S DECK — — —

WELL, PANAMINT, YOU'RE LEAVING US HERE AT DAWSON?

YUP! AND MANY THANKS, CAPTAIN BOWDON, FOR LETTING ME WORK BY PASSAGE!



A MOMENT AFTER PARAMINT HAS LEFT THE SHIP, MATT GORDON AND PRESTON COME UP THE GANGPLANK.









WARNED BY THE ROBBIE'S QUICK BREATH, PRESTON
TURNS--- BUT TOO LATE!







FUMBLING FOR A HIDEING PLACE, HE FINDS THE LITTLE CHUCK WAGON, WHICH WATT BORDON DROPPED, AND POKES THE KEY TO THE STORGE ROOM INSIDE.



CLIMBED WITH TWO PISTOLS, THE BRAVE STEERSMAN DROPS.



GOOD! BENDSON WILL HAVE THE KEY ON HIM! I'LL SEARCH HIM--- YOU FRISK BORDON! STUBBY! YOU TAKE THE WHEEL...



HMM! THAT'S MIGHTY QUEER! NOT A SIGN OF A KEY...

NO KEY ON BORDON, EITHER, SLIM! WHERE'D YOU THINK THEY HID IT?



GET SOME WATER! BRING BENDSON TO---AND I'LL MAKE HIM TELL!



YARR! YARR-OWN! YARR!

HEHEHEHE KIDD! WHERE ARE YOU?

KIDD'S PRANKISH BARKING, BEYOND THE STATEROOM PARTITION, FINALLY PIERCES PRESTON'S MUMBERED SENSES.



LONE RANGER FANS!

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



AS THE TWO OUTLAWS WHIRL AROUND, THE MOUNTIES' GUNS ROAR...



MINUTES LATER...

GORDON AND HITRO ARE COMING AROUND. CAPTAIN SAM AND MATT GORDON WILL BE GLAD. HMM? BY THE WAY—WHERE DID YOU PUT THE STRONG ROOM KEY?

RIGHT HERE—!



RIGHT INSIDE THE TAILGATE OF THIS LITTLE SPOONWAGON? I POKED THE KEY IN, JUST BEFORE I BLANKED OUT!

CLEVER, CAPTAIN SAM? BUT WHAT IS THAT CHUCKAWAGON A SPOONWAGON?



— — — AND WE'VE COLLARED THE GANG THAT'S BEEN AFTER IT, KING! SO WE'LL CALL THE CASE CLOSED!

